

Arlington Advocate.



C. S. PARKER & SON Editors and Proprietors.

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Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. Single copies 5 cents.

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There is
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where there is nutritious, light, healthy, uniform bread such as can be obtained by using

King Arthur Flour

It is the acme of the modern miller's art, because the best wheat and most modern methods only are used in its manufacture. A single trial will convince you of its superiority.

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Wm. Whytal & Son, Arlington.
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The Advocate Banquet.

Our report of this interesting event was as full as circumstances would admit, in our issue of last week. We regretted our inability to give Ex-Gov. Brackett's address in full and are glad that there are enough interested in a perusal of it and desirous of preserving it to warrant us in presenting it a week behind time. The following is the full text of the address to the ADVOCATE at the banquet held on the evening of Jan. 13, in Arlington Town Hall:

Twenty-five years ago a new institution was founded in Arlington. We forgot to mention its name. It is in every way fitting that we do this. Whenever the centennial, semi-centennial or quarter centennial of any event of public interest in the history of a community occurs, the people of that community, if they be properly spirited, will recognize the occasion and, in their enthusiasm, will be the establishing of a local newspaper. Though established and conducted as a private business enterprise, it is in a sense a public institution; it meets a public want; it performs a public service in a town like ours. While we depend for the general news of the day upon the daily press, the local paper upon the weekly paper, information upon household matters of ordinary everyday occurrence, matters which are not of sufficient general importance to be published in our metropolitan journals, but which are important to the residents of the town concerned. The record of such matters in the columns of the local paper fills a valuable local history. The recent Souvenir edition of the ADVOCATE affords an illustration of this. In preparing it the editor went over his files for twenty-five years and culled therefrom the reports of past events which, summarized, formed an epitome of the town's history during the period named of which we have all read and heard profit. The ADVOCATE also, in keeping us informed in its regular issues week by week of what is going on in the neighborhood, in calling our attention to subjects in which we have a mutual interest and which pertain to our municipal welfare, has helped to make us better acquainted with our neighbors and their ways, to promote that neighborly spirit which ought to prevail in every community, and in this way has rendered a public service. It has rendered a like service in other ways. Its general influence has been salutary and helpful to the town. It has been true to its name, "The ARLINGTON ADVOCATE," for it has always advocated whatever the interests of its proprietors was for the good of Arlington.

It required a good deal of courage to start this paper here twenty-five years ago. It always requires courage to commence the publication of a new paper. Failure has often been the fate of ventures in this field of endeavor. It will be determined in advance how a new paper will be received by the public. But the senior editor of the ADVOCATE had the requisite courage. He had shown the possession of that virtue in other fields. He had shown it as a soldier in the Union army, and the same quality there displayed itself in his desire to remain in the publication of his paper in the face of obstacles which might have daunted a less resolute man. Success rewarded his efforts and this gathering of his neighbors and friends is one of the evidences of that success. I am glad as many of us are here to-night to manifest by our presence that the spirit of the ADVOCATE still lives. We congratulate them upon the ADVOCATE's past and tender them our best wishes for its future. This occasion, marking the completion of twenty-five years of its existence may, in analogy to wedding commemorations, be termed the ADVOCATE's silver anniversary. Upon completing its fifth year, the paper will reach a point of maturity which will undoubtedly likewise be observed, and as gold is superior to silver, peculiarly and politically, so I trust that its golden age may surpass its silver anniversary. Do not expect to be present on that occasion. Please write us all about it. It will be a long time hence. But I hope that the descendants of Arlington of that generation, the most of whom doubtless are now in the schools, will unite in the observance of the anniversary with the same cordiality with which their fathers and mothers have joined in the present celebration. We congratulate them upon the ADVOCATE's past and tender them our best wishes for its future. This occasion, marking the completion of twenty-five years of its existence may, in analogy to wedding commemorations, be termed the ADVOCATE's silver anniversary. Upon completing its fifth year, the paper will reach a point of maturity which will undoubtedly likewise be observed, and as gold is superior to silver, peculiarly and politically, so I trust that its golden age may surpass its silver anniversary. Do not expect to be present on that occasion. Please write us all about it. It will be a long time hence. But I hope that the descendants of Arlington of that generation, the most of whom doubtless are now in the schools, will unite in the observance of the anniversary with the same cordiality with which their fathers and mothers have joined in the present celebration.

The Park clerks are hard at work getting ready to serve "Pianoe on the Half Shell," on the 22d of this month. Mr. Franklin Russell, of the Nat'l Bank of the Republic, figures prominently in the same place at the piano. The Baptist Endeavor Society will meet in the vestry next Sunday evening, at 6.15. "Our failures and successes," the topic. Bible reference, Luke 5:1-11. It is to be a question box meeting. Mr. Wendell E. Richardson will be the leader, so a fine meeting is assured.

A short time ago Albert Dickson was released from the Concord Reformatory on probation, and almost immediately violated his parole by stealing \$40 from his father. Yesterday morning he was captured by the police and returned to the Reformatory.

The books occupying the table in the reading room at the Robbins Library reserved for special topics, have been on the life of George Washington and topics pertaining to the Father of our Country. This is quite appropriate, as his birthday is near at hand.

Daniel Egan, of Bedford, was arrested for drunkenness and in court last Saturday paid a fine of one dollar. Michael Corr was in court Jan. 18, and fined \$10 for second offence of drunkenness. In default he was sent to House of Corrections.

The regular meeting of the Arlington Debating Society was held last evening in Knights of Columbus Hall. The debate was on the subject "Resolved, That the government should own and control all railways," and the jury decided that the negative had the best of the argument.

Spy was in quite fair condition for skating on Wednesday and goodly number of skaters availed themselves of the good ice.

by Janitor Mears, who has been able to resuscitate it from quite a serious decline.

=Saturday evening last at a meeting of the Board of Selectmen, Joseph N. Monahan, who is janitor of the Arlington Boat Club, was appointed a special police officer. Monahan was sworn in on Monday by Town Clerk Locke.

=A question box meeting will be held by the C. E. Society of the Pleasant street church, on Sunday evening, the subject of the same being "Our failures and our successes." Rev. S. C. Bushnell Carter, 521, total 2459; League No. 2—Dodge 567; Cutler 441; Slade, 483; Shirley 460; Homer 551, total 2502.

To-morrow evening (Saturday) the Riverside Casino come here to bowl with No. 2 League Team.

Next Tuesday evening No. 2 League go to Newton to bowl on that club's alleys.

Janitor Monahan is now a special officer.

The first round in the second bowling tournament of the season is completed and Somerby and Deering head the list for best individual score of 512. Teams 2, 6, 7 and 8 have won while Teams 1, 3, 4, 5 have lost.

The trial ball spinning for the tournament on Feb. 22, is in progress and some of the bowlers are running pretty close and putting up capital scores. On Wednesday Rugg was highest with 578, Hartwell second with 565 and B. Rankin third with 563.

Arlington Locals.

=A fine concert will be given at the Universalists church, next Thursday evening, Jan. 28, which will afford a rare opportunity to hear talent of a high order. It is given under the auspices of the Y. P. M., to raise funds for a worthy object and so will serve a double purpose. The following exceptionally attractive program will be presented:

a. Grand Offertoire in G.	Wely.
b. Narcissus.	Nevin.
c. Melody in D flat.	Salome.
d. Gavotte in D flat.	Behr.
Song. "Georg Mendel's Major."	Jude.
Song. "The Mighty Deep."	D. M. Babcock.
Song. "I think of thee."	Hartel.
Reading. "The Swan Song."	Dana Male Quartette.
Songs. a. Pur Auto Folks.	Miss Gertrude Saunders Jones.
b. Jester's Choice.	Claribel.
Song. Christmas.	Miss Helen Arentrop.
Reading. "Molly."	Shelley.
Organ. a. English Chorus.	Handel.
b. Serenade.	Widor.
c. Gavotte Magnos.	Thomas.
d. Familiar Airs.	Mr. Taylor.
Song. "Posseunt Nimi."	Mozart.
Song. "L'Ecastas."	D. M. Babcock.
Reading. "Honour of the Woods."	Arditti.
Song. "In Absence."	W. H. Murray.
Song. "Dana Male Quartette."	Dudley Buck.
Duet. Robin Ruff.	Russell.
	Mr. Babcock and Master Donian.

=Lower Mystic pond was the Mecca of ice polo players, hockey players and skaters generally Saturday. The ice is in far better condition here than on any other pond in this vicinity. It was a gala matinee on the ice, and there was sport galore for everybody. The fancy skaters were very much in evidence; a large number of graceful women exhibited their skill in spins, pirouettes, cross cuts, grapevines and other fancy figures. The Harvard ice polo team put in its final practice for Monday's game with Brown University, and the leading interscholastic and other league teams reduced their schedule by playing morning and afternoon games. Arlington High had a field day, winning two games in easy fashion. For a starter, Arlington lined up against Mechanic Arts school of Boston, and rapped out 11 goals with little opposition. Mechanic Arts was completely outclassed.

Arlington High.	Mechanic Arts.
Johnson, r.....	Bettley.
Puffer, r.....	r. Smith.
F. White, c.....	F. Smith.
Woods (Pierce), h.b.....	h.b. Jones.
White, g.....	g. Stone.
Score—Arlington 11, Mechanic Arts 0. Goals—F. White, 1; Puffer, 4; Johnson, 1; Referee—Mr. Moore. Time—two 20-minute halves.	

Immediately after this game Arlington cracked Medford High and shut out this opponent, also, without a score.

Arlington High.	Mechanic Arts.
Johnson, r.....	Bettley.
Puffer, r.....	r. Smith.
F. White, c.....	F. Smith.
Woods (Pierce), h.b.....	h.b. Drake.
White, g.....	g. Mayo.
Score—Arlington 11, Medford 0. Goals—F. White, 4; Puffer, 1; Johnson, 1; Referee—Mr. Moore. Time—two 20-minute halves.	

=A special car was engaged by the party of Arlington citizens who attended the song recital given by Miss Agot Lunde, on Thursday evening, Jan. 14, in Steinert Hall, Boston, to convey them to and from the recital, which contributed to the comfort and ease of those who were included in the party. The recital was given in the unique new Steinert Hall, which seats a large company and on this occasion almost every seat was filled, so we conclude it must have been a financial success as well as an artistic triumph. Miss Lunde looked very charming in a new concert gown and received several delightful bunches of flowers as a mark of warm appreciation from her friends. She sang in German and the Swedish tongue principally, the latter songs being quaint and unique. She had the gratification of being warmly received and her hearers were delighted with the varied program which filled the evening with what was a rare musical treat for many of them.

Additional Arlington Locals on 8th page.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common water glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing diseases. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. For a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail, mention this paper and send your full post-office address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

The exports of Germany to the United States during the quarter ending March, 1896, show a decided increase over the exports during the like period of 1895.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50 cents and \$1.00, at all druggists.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company is making preparations to have built an iron bridge to cross the Otter Tail river, near Frazee, Minn.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free trial bottles and treatment. Send to Dr. Kline, 31 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Experi-

ments are expensive. It is no experiment to take the medicine which thousands endorse as the best; which cures when others fail; namely

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

A Shoemaker Prince.

In addition to Hans Sachs, the shoemaker poet, and Tolstoi, the shoemaker novelist, there is now, according to the Woman at Home, a shoemaker Prince, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Count of Chester, etc.—in short, the heir apparent to the throne of Great Britain. It appears says the journal just named, that the Queen of England and the Prince Consort desired that each of their children should learn from the beginning some useful trade. The Prince of Wales chose shoemaking and soon acquired such perfection in the art that his handiwork became the pride of his fellow cobblers, as it was the envy of gentlemen of fashion.

New Haven, Conn., is very proud of the record of its veteran steamboat man, Commodore Richard Peck, who never had an accident during his many years of service, and at the age of eighty-one is still in good health.

They have sometimes a curious way of deciding lawsuits in North Siam. Both parties are put under cold water and the one staying under the longer wins the suit.

WOMAN'S STRUGGLE.

All women work. Some in the homes. Some in church and some in the whirly of society.

Many in the stores and shops, and tens of thousands are on the never-ceasing treadmill earning their daily food.

All are subject to the same physical laws; all suffer alike from the same physical disturbances; there is



serious derangement in the womb. Lydia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable Compound" is the unfailing cure for his trouble. It strengthens the proper muscles, and displacement with all its horrors will no more crush you.

Backache, dizziness, fainting, "bearing-down," disordered stomach, moodiness, dislike of friends and society—all symptoms of the one cause—will be quickly dispelled, and you'll again be free.

OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS
Cured in 10 to 30 Days. No Pain.
Send Dr. J. L. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

PISO'S CURE FOR
ALL THE HABITS OF DRUNKENNESS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Does
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

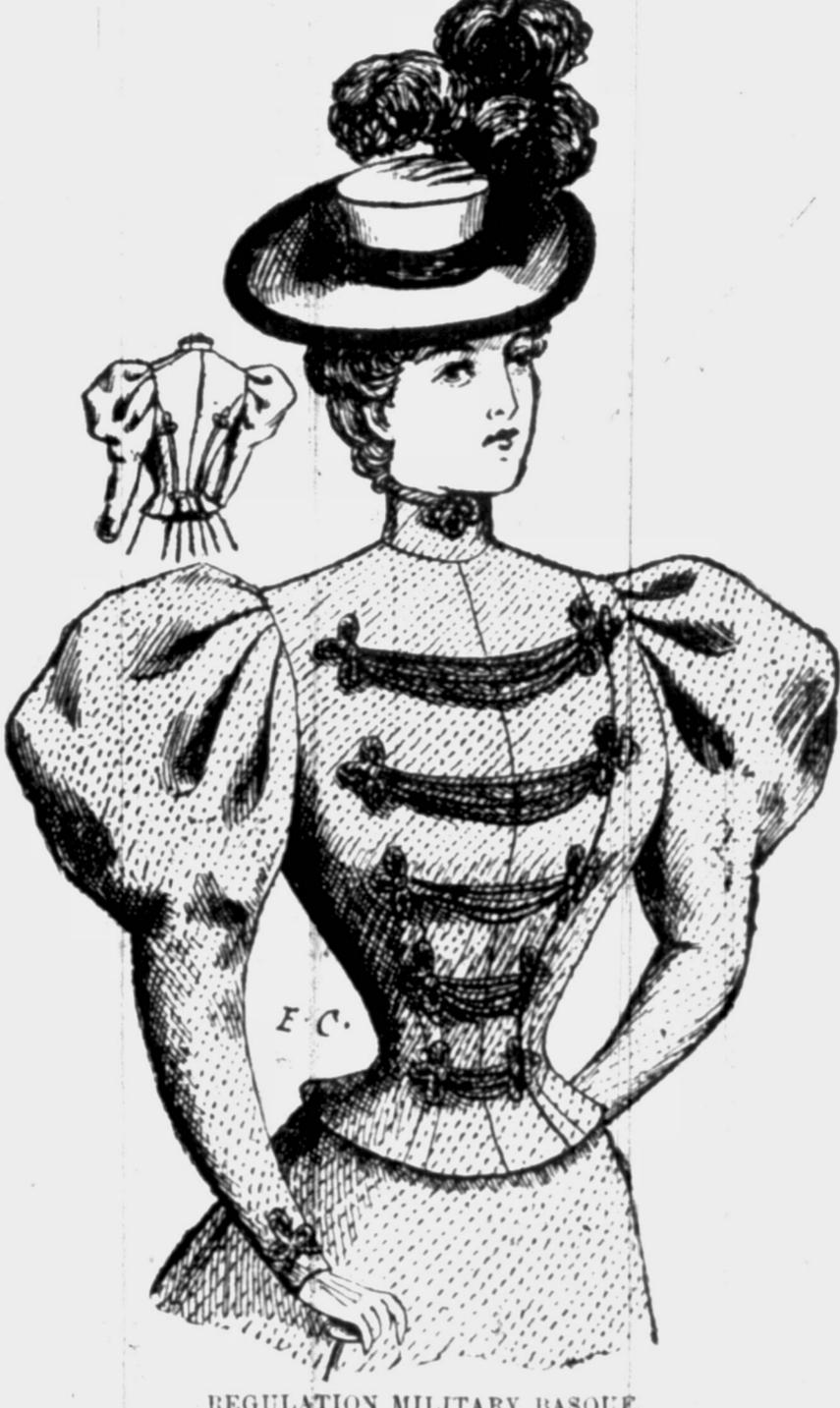
BASQUE AND WAIST.

SOME NEW DESIGNS THAT ARE DAINTY AND DRESSY.

Stylish Example of the Regulation Military Basque—Attractive Bebe Waist With Mushroom Sleeves.

A STYLISH example of the regulation military basque is given by May Manton in the first large picture. It is carried out in broadcloth of Hussar-blue and the decoration is of black braid

stock of ribbon stylishly bowed at the centre-back. The waist is encircled by a girdle of old-blue velvet carried to the front where it is caught up with loops of velvet. The sleeves, presenting the newest feature of the season's mode, are called the mushroom sleeve and are close-fitting from the wrists to above the elbow where they are met by a short full puff. The lining may be cut away from the full portion when a low neck is desired, or material applied to simulate a yoke and finished at the neck with a standing band, if high neck is preferred. The lower portion of the sleeves may be discarded and only the short full puffs used when the bodice is destined for



REGULATION MILITARY BASQUE.

with fanciful ornaments crossing the front where the closing is made invisibly on the left side. At the back the seams of the basque fit the figure closely, with the additional material below the waist line of back and side body laid in box-plaits. The curving seams are outlined with braided decorations. A standing band closing invisibly on the left side finishes the neck. The one-seamed gigot sleeves, gathered at the top and arranged upon coat shaped linings, stand out stylishly at the top, fitting the arm closely below.

The smart hat accompanying the costume is of felt, adorned with velvet and ostrich plumes. Cloth, cheviot and tweed are favored for making, while colors most selected are blue in postman, military or Hussar. Gray, green or garnet are also chosen.

To make this basque for a lady in the medium size will require three yards of forty-four-inch wide material.

DAINTY BEBE WAIST.

A dainty model sufficiently dressy to be worn as an evening bodice when developed in suitable fabrics, is represented in the second big illustration. As represented, writes May Manton, the material chosen was colored brocade combined with old-blue velvet. It is mounted upon a glove-fitted lining having the usual number of seams and double burst darts and closing in centre-front. Under-arm gores are inserted between the full fronts and back, which are shaped in rounded outline and gathered at the top with the fullness at the waist collected in gathers that are drawn well to the centre-front and back. The

evening wear. The mode is adapted to all seasonable fabrics that are sufficiently pliable as to permit of shirring.

To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require three yards of forty-four-inch wide material.

BUTTERFLY BONNETS.

Although most women remove their hats in theatres nowadays, many of them would like to be spared the trouble. Now, we have a spreading butterfly on top of the head, whose gauzy wings are transparent, and which takes up so little space that the effect on the person behind is that of no bonnet at all, while the wearer feels that her head is properly dressed without the trouble of removing a bonnet. The butterflies are fastened on with stickpins, which, in their turn, are often butterflies, too. Hairdressers threaten to introduce butterfly chignons, but they may not do it. Few women in these days remember the period when the chignon was worn, and to those that do remember it, the thought of a revival of the hideous style of coiffure is not inviting.

SUBSTITUTE FOR MUFF CHAIN.

A welcome fashion for those who cannot afford the muff chain is a band of black velvet ribbon, a little less than an inch wide, fastened at each side with a tiny buckle. Any desired amount of money can be absorbed in this fashion; but the rhinestone and gold-enamored buckles answer every purpose.

THE MOHAIR GOWN.

A mohair gown will wear forever if the owner desires it, but if she grows



BEBE WAIST WITH MUSHROOM SLEEVES.

upper portion of the bodice consists of a shallow yoke of the contrasting material and the closing is effected at the left side at shoulder, arm's eye and under-arm seams. At the neck is a close-standing band concealed by a

tired of it she can still make it do service as a petticoat.

The recent auction sale in London of the Montagu collection of coins realized nearly \$44,000.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

"OLD IRONSIDES"—Secretary Herbert is an earnest advocate of the plan for the preservation of the frigate Constitution and her removal to the national capital, where she can be viewed and honored by all American citizens. He says: "Of the old navy we still have two precious relics—the Constitution and the Hartford. The old Constitution, so glorious in the war 1812, lies rotting at the Portsmouth Navy Yard. In my annual reports I have repeatedly recommended that a sufficient sum of money be appropriated to repair and insure her preservation, but the appeal has been unheeded. It was a pleasure to report the bill in Congress that was to take Hartford out of the usual category of decaying wooden ships and insure her preservation as a memento of the splendid achievements of Farragut and the heroes who trod her decks in the brave days of the civil war, and it has been my privilege to direct the repairs upon her until they are already nearing completion. But Congress, so far, has ignored all my appeals in behalf of the Constitution. When, many years ago, the navy department contemplated breaking up the old vessel to sell her timber, it was a New England poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes—who electrified the country, awakened the public conscience and saved the old ship by his grand ode to 'Old Ironsides.' The Sons of the Revolution are, I learn, interesting themselves in the project. I shall always be glad to aid them as I may be able."

PENSIONS FOR ALL—Mr. Brosius of Pennsylvania, chairman of the house committee on civil service reform, has introduced a bill to provide for the retirement of government employees in the classified service. The bill creates a retirement fund by withholding two percent monthly of the salaries received by clerks in the civil service. Each retiring clerk is to receive for life an income amounting to 75 percent of the highest pay received while employed in the civil service, this income to draw from the retiring fund. Every person who has been employed in the service 20 years and who shall have become mentally or physically disqualified will be retired on his application or compulsorily retired. Every person who has attained the age of 60 and shall have been employed 30 years may be retired on his application. Every person who has attained the age of 70 and has been employed in the civil service 35 years shall be compulsorily retired.

GUIANA BOUNDARY—The first British Guiana papers published since the Venezuelan boundary agreement between this country and England have reached the state department dated as late as Dec. 23. They show that the whole arrangement, particularly the 50-year clause, is highly satisfactory to the colonists, who consider that Great Britain has got the best of the bargain in every way. While the utterances are cautious, the papers express gratification "that Great Britain was able to secure its ends without any recognition of the Monroe doctrine."

UNDESIRABLE ITALIANS—Baron Fava, the Italian ambassador, has informed Mr. Stump, commissioner-general of immigration, that the Italian government has fined two sub-agents 500 lire each and sentenced them to one month in jail for favoring clandestine emigration to the United States. The Italian reform in the matter of selling tickets to prohibited emigrants resulted from negotiations with the Italian emigration authorities by Commissioner-General Stump on his recent visit to Italy.

DUTIABLE MERCHANDISE—Secretary Carlisle has abolished the charge of eight cents per package on dutiable merchandise transported in bond from one port of the United States to another. This charge has been made since 1875 and has been a source of many protests and much annoyance to the department. It has not been collected at all the ports, and was originally intended only to cover the expense of sealing and cording the packages, which expense is now merely nominal.

FRANCIS GOES IN—The nomination of Hon. David R. Francis to be Secretary of the Interior was favorably acted upon by the committee on finance and afterwards reported to the Senate in executive session. The nomination has been held up in committee ever since the beginning of the session in December at the request of Senator Vest.

CUBAN POSTAGE STAMPS—The stamp of the so-called Cuban republic has appeared in the United States mails, and it is the source of some discussion at the postoffice department as to whether or not such stamps can be recognized as proper for the transmission of mails into the United States, as this government has not recognized Cuba as a free and independent country, this being probably the first case of its kind on record. At the postoffice department it was stated that these stamps were good so far as the United States was concerned, as our postal laws require only that the stamps be properly cancelled, and the envelopes containing mail matter bear the postmark of a regular post office. These regulations have been compiled with so far as the department knows. The department knows nothing about the postoffice stamped on the envelope, except that it is in Spanish territory and Spain is in the international postal union. Should these stamps give rise to a delicate diplomatic question, the postoffice department would take no part in it, but refer the matter to the department of state for settlement.

More important was the discovery of the long-lost cap of the Sphinx, which was found fifteen feet below the surface of the little temple or shrine between the paws. The cap is painted red, and is adorned with the three lotus columns and the serpent. As the hole in the top of the head of the Sphinx, into which the cap was fasten-

FOOTBALL PARAPHERNALIA.

How the Punter Protects Himself While Playing.

To the spectator who watches the hard-fought battles on the football field nowadays, it appears as though the players are so well protected from injuries that there are not nearly so many risks to be run as there were twelve years ago. Who would have worn boots of a double thickness and padded with that felt twelve years ago? And yet many of the best players to-day wear them to protect the small bones in their feet and to avoid sprained ankles. If the old-timers had been asked to wear shin guards they would undoubtedly have spurned them, but nobody is without them now. From the light canvas or cloth trousers of former years we have heavily padded moleskins, with bulging knees a foot thick, solid paniers over the hips, and leather protectors for the stomach and kidneys. Canvas jackets are not so popular now, but heavily padded jerseys are considered the right idea instead. Chadwick of Yale, has, perhaps, the most novel-looking jersey. Around the wrists are leather bands, and on each elbow is a leather pad the size of a loaf of bread. On each shoulder is a leather protector which is half the size of an ordinary saddle and must



weigh three or four pounds. The inside of the jersey is lined with some strong texture.

Modern football players believe in protecting their heads. Twelve years ago there were very few "long-haired" experts, but the craze for letting one's locks grow has become universal, so that a football man with short hair is looked down upon. The rubber nose mask, which covers the mouth as well, and the leather helmet are devices that seem almost indispensable. The helmet that is in use now not only covers the top of the head with a cap of hard leather, but protects the ears with two big muffs made of thick felt, through which are small holes, so that the wearer can hear the instructions of his captain. It is estimated that with all of his football togs an player can tip the scales at thirty pounds above his actual weight. Somebody has suggested steel masks and coats of mail, but fortunately the rules prohibit any such warlike accessories.

It is rather expensive to own a complete outfit, the big varsity teams having to pay about \$40 per man for the various articles needed in a gridiron battle. But as college elevens have plenty of money at their command, nothing is thought of such an outlay.

For Breakfast.

Sometimes even the most fastidious woman forgets that the keynote of daintiness is struck by the morning toilet. A model of all that she should be at other times, her breakfast apparel gives every outward evidence of haste, and leaves much to be desired. A woman who has made a hasty morning toilet is by no means a thing of beauty. Therefore, she who is wise valiantly foregoes the joy of the forbidden nap. She rises betimes, supported by the thought that of such stuff martyrs are made, and after her matinal dip, as she arranges her hair as becomingly as she would later in the day for a luncheon or a shopping expedition, she finds herself at peace with all the world, even including the cook.

It's only a little thing in the day's doings, but it tells. The woman who presides at the breakfast table, neat, fresh and rosy, is fulfilling part of her mission in life. Her husband is as much stimulated by her presence as by the fragrant cup of Mocha which she dispenses, and, though seemingly absorbed in his newspaper as he sips his favorite beverage, in reality he sees every detail of the dainty toilet, knowing that it was made for his eyes alone, and, man-like, appreciating it all the more for that very reason.

Goose Barnacle. One of the oddest things they have at the marine aquarium is a goose barnacle. This particular specimen is very small, very much alive, and has been living in the aquarium for months in spite of the fact that some of its normal barnacle necessities are supplied by most peculiar artificial means. The goose barnacle differs from other varieties in that it hangs from ships, floating timber, or other substances near the surface of the water, and has only the power to attach once to any object. This barnacle being taken from its means of support, an artificial one had to be supplied. This was done by means of a piece of common cotton string. This is tied around the barnacle and to a cork from which the barnacle hangs near the surface of the water in a glass in the aquarium. The barnacle is so small that the string is as large as a rope in comparison, and it looks very comical hanging, the feathers looking cirrus down and grasping out into the water for food.—New York Times.

Allowances. You should make allowances for your wife; probably she does not intend to be extravagant; you know how fond of dress women in general are," said the kindly old gentleman to the fuming husband.

"Make allowances?" he gasped. "that's where all the trouble lies; I have to make hers so big that there's hardly any left for me!"

What a time a man must have who makes night of it at the North Pole! Think of going on the rampage for six months!

When a preacher can attract no attention with his religion he still has the chance left of being tried for heresy.

A few of the election orators have returned to work, but a good many are out who should be arrested for vagrancy.

Arlington Advocate

OFFICE
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ADVERTISING RATES.

Reading Notices, per line,	25 cents
Special Notices,	15 "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line,	10 "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line,	8 "
Marriages and Deaths—free.	

Boston Water Supply.

Harper's Weekly of Jan. 16 contained a profusely illustrated description of the location and work now being carried forward under the Metropolitan Water Supply act which, when first drawn up, included Lexington and Arlington in the broad and comprehensive plan, and in describing the reservoir site and its dimensions, briefly says:—

"The new reservoir is to lie in the towns of Clinton, Sterling, Boxford and West Boxford, with the big dam in the edge of Clinton. It will be nearly nine miles long, and will cover no less than 4195 acres to an average depth of 46 feet; will contain 63,008,000,000 gallons of excellent water, and is expected to supply 111,000,000 gallons per day to the Metropolitan District. The dam site is distant about thirty-five miles from Boston. The water will be conducted through an immense aqueduct, that tunnels hills and bridges rivers a distance of 13.4 miles, till it reaches a point where it enters the basin of a part of the present supply system of Boston. The surface of the new reservoir will be 385 feet above high-water mark in Boston harbor. The dam will be across a narrow gorge, a maximum distance of 1250 feet, and a maximum height of 149 feet."

The article then goes into details as to population, property to be removed and other particulars with which our readers are already familiar, and then proceeds to show that gigantic as this enterprise looks to us, it is small compared with the new water supply for New York. Their dam is 218 feet high, while the Nashua river dam is to rise but 145 feet from its base; and the area enclosed and the depth of water secured approach these figures in the comparisons made. It is an article that parties interested in the matter can peruse with profit.

The editor of the Arlington ADVOCATE, who received such a grand tribute from the people of his town on Wednesday, had a supplementary surprise on Thursday. He had been commander of the local G. A. R. Post the past year, retiring from office Thursday evening. The 80 comrades of the post expressed their fraternity by presenting to him a splendid gold badge. No wonder Brother O'Meara said at the banquet that he felt that he had made a mistake in choosing a metropolitan career, for the county editor seemed to have all the good things of life. Brother Parker of the ADVOCATE, is to be congratulated on his silver-gold mementoes.—Lynn Item.

Mrs. Alice Kent Robertson made an enviable impression at the public reading given by her in Association Hall, Boston, Wednesday evening, before a select audience of people prominent in society. Mrs. Robertson does not strive after effect, for it is gained through her own natural abilities as an interpreter of the most obscure writers and expressed through a voice of magnificent compass, which makes her efforts entirely satisfying and unique—a decided relief from the methods of most recitationists and readers.

Hon. Thomas C. Platt succeeds Hon. D. C. Hill as senator from New York. Wisely, or unwisely, Mr. Platt is beyond question the hearty choice of the majority of the Republicans in New York interested in public affairs (time and again this has been tested and proved) and though there is still strenuous opposition to him in the party, he will serve the interests of the State well. It is not likely that he will again resign the honor as he did on a previous occasion.

The Mystic Valley Club, a wide-awake organization growing out of the temperance issue as it presented itself in this Senatorial District a few years ago, is full of vitality, as was evidenced at its annual meeting, last Tuesday evening. Arlington is represented in the management of the club by Mr. Geo. W. W. Sears.

Mr. Simon Solomon is holding an exhibit of drawings at Doll & Richards, 2 Park St., which any interested are invited to inspect. The exhibit continues till Feb. 3d.

Arlington is becoming quite famous as a skating resort, the ice on the several ponds of the town attracting skaters in large numbers from all the surrounding towns and cities.

This week the case of the convicted murderer Bram has occupied the attention of the court on motions for a new trial.

Madam Melba has been obliged to cancel her engagement in this country and will return at once to France, where she hopes to recuperate her health.

The town of Revere suffered the loss of its Town Hall and Public Library in a fire last Monday night.

Improvement Association Meeting.

It was gratifying to President Hicks to see so large a representation of the membership of Arlington Improvement Association present at the meeting, last Monday evening. The subject under consideration was "taxation," and the discussion was opened by Mr. William G. Peck, with a thoughtful, pungent and frequently eloquent address. He believed the holding of large tracts of land for farming or tillage and taking them as such, was a detriment to the town as a whole, when the increase in population really demanded their being placed on the market for building purposes. Mr. Warren W. Rawson followed on the negative side of the argument, and in summing up his argument, Mr. Rawson said unoccupied lands should be taxed low because—"They are worth but a small sum to cultivate; because they must be held as an investment and seldom return to the holder 4 per cent. upon the investment; because occupied lands return a revenue and the parties owning them are more willing to pay; because the unoccupied land has to pay for the sewer tax for the immediate benefit of the occupied lands; because there are no purchasers for the unoccupied lands; because occupants of land for residents escape a greater part of the personal tax; because it is far better to err upon the side of two low valuation than too high on that kind of property; because we have always had a good Board of Assessors and their judgement should be better than those who know but very little about values, except to a limited extent; because it is impossible to have an equal taxation, and we do no injustice to have a low valuation on unoccupied lands.

The discussion then became general. Mr. William A. Muller believed the true course was to move slowly, and cited the large tract of land owned by the John P. Squire estate on Mass. avenue, east of Winter street, as an instance. That tract has been laid out for house lots and building operations are to be at once commenced.

Mr. John T. White criticised the "policy" of the assessors in this and other towns and would have a different course pursued in determining the value of real estate. The subject was still further discussed by Messrs. Winn, Hodgdon, Wellington, J. Howell Crosby and others, until after ten o'clock, when it was dropped, and the meeting adjourned without action. It would have been more profitable if it could have been discussed on broader lines than it was confined to during a considerable portion of the time.

One of the newspaper men who are living at Canton while the President-elect is preparing for his coming inauguration, writes to his paper that Major McKinley daily astonishes his callers by the breadth, variety, freshness, minuteness and accuracy of his information concerning parties, factions, politicians, measures, local and State business and political conditions throughout the country. He has a memory as remarkable as Mr. Blaine's for men, and an even more serviceable one for facts and current information of interest. This quality will serve him well when he comes to the White House, and has to deal with the great crowd who will flock to secure his favor. The writer referred to tells about a Western Senator who stopped off at Canton to give Major McKinley some inside facts in regard to a political mess in his state, when to his surprise he found that McKinley was more thoroughly informed that he upon the subject, and gave him fresh information and new points of view, that were as valuable as they were surprising. Major McKinley seems to be able at will to recall and state the salient points of the political situation in any part of the country, and to pass the men who make these conditions in rapid review before his mind. If this faculty does not lead him into desiring to attend to matters of small importance he will be all right. President Cleveland's failing is that he wants to do all the routine work himself. But McKinley is not like Cleveland.—Lynn Item.

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Parties interested in real estate enterprises will find the ARLINGTTON ADVOCATE Souvenir, the best possible help in drawing capital and new people to Arlington. It can be had of the local news agents or at the ADVOCATE office.

Arlington Advocate

1872 1897

Illustrated Sketch of Arlington for 25 years.

Most complete Record ever Compiled.

Edition Limited and Fast Disappearing.

BUY A COPY TO SEND TO OUT OF TOWN FRIENDS.

15 CENTS A COPY.

Read what some of the ADVOCATE contemporaries say about it.

Woburn Journal.—We enjoyed an examination of "Our Local Interests, ARLINGTTON ADVOCATE Souvenir, 1872—January—1897," a few days ago uncommonly well because it showed the difference between West Cambridge of 1842 and Arlington of 1872, and 1897. Many years ago, when Parker established the ARLINGTTON ADVOCATE, he said that for a long time one of the best and most prosperous newspapers published near Boston, we not only knew that town but our memory of its appearance then is still perfectly distinct and true. The contrast in the appearance of that town then and now is indeed striking. The hand-souvenir mentioned above, issued by Charles S. Parker & Son, was intended to be a feature of the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the establishment of the ARLINGTTON ADVOCATE by Mr. Charles S. Parker, now senior member of the firm of publishers which fell last week, and it is in every way a fine specimen. We should like to add that the hand-souvenir of the handsome journal he sold, conducted was made a matter of no small personal but of mingled congratulation, with a banquet in the Town Hall and speeches from distinguished persons, ranging from an ex governor to one of the most honored newspaper managers of the time. Editor Parker is needless, it is the people whom he has served that are to be congratulated.

Somerville Citizen.—There is no prouder position in a community than that of editor of a prosperous and respected local paper, and there can be no prouder period in the life of that editor than when his citizens write in spontaneously to thank him for his honest and fearless appreciation of his work. To Charles S. Parker & Son, the same compliment felicitous experience this week. For 25 years he has labored with pen and type toward the upbuilding of the beautiful town whose history and character, as far as possible, he has contributed its fraternal fringe to Somerville. His paper, the ARLINGTTON ADVOCATE, anniversary of the handsome journal he sold, conducted was made a matter of no small personal but of mingled congratulation, with a banquet in the Town Hall and speeches from distinguished persons, ranging from an ex governor to one of the most honored newspaper managers of the time. Editor Parker is needless, it is the people whom he has served that are to be congratulated.

Cambridge Tribune.—The ARLINGTTON ADVOCATE celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary by issuing a souvenir number containing thirty-two pages with an illuminated cover. The local history of the past quarter century is epitomized in a series of articles, and the events of the year during that period and there are a number of excellent half-tones cuts showing the changes that have been made in the buildings in Arlington since 1872. The number is of positive value, as well as of special interest, to the residents of Arlington and the immediate vicinity and it represents a good deal of intelligent labor on the part of the editors of the ADVOCATE.

Lynn Daily Item.—The honor tendered to the editor of the ARLINGTTON ADVOCATE, Wednesday evening, in the anniversary of the publication of that paper by publishing the "ARLINGTTON ADVOCATE, Souvenir," is a mark of very high regard, and presented over by ex-Governor Brackett, who is president of the Lynn Daily Item. Among the editors present were Stephen O'Meara, of the Boston Journal, Hon. W. Cook, of the Milford Journal, and John L. Parker of the Lynn Daily Item.

Cambridge Chronicle.—Messrs. C. S. Parker & Son, publishers of the ARLINGTTON ADVOCATE, issued last week a very creditable souvenir commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of their paper. It contains in chronological order mention of the important events occurring during the publication of the paper and certain events of the past twenty-five years. On Wednesday evening the Melbros Park were tendered a complimentary dinner by the townspeople in honor of the anniversary of their paper.

25 SENT BY MAIL, POSTAGE PREPAID, ON RECEIPT OF 15 CENTS, TO ANY ADDRESS.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

Pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alfred F. Bent and Bertha M. Bent, wife of said Alfred F., in her own right, to Nathan D. Canterbury, dated Dec. 4th, 1896, and recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2518, page 395, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinabove described, for breach of condition of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, on

Wednesday, the 16th day of Feb., 1897, at 11 o'clock, a. m., all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgagee and therein described substantially as follows:—Certain parcels of land situated in Arlington in said Middlesex County, and being Lots thirty-four (34), one hundred and forty-eight (148), as shown on a plan of record of the Building Lots in Arlington and Lexington, belonging to N. D. Canterbury, C. A. Pearson, surveyor, dated April 14, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 90, Plan 2.

"Lot thirty-four (34) is conveyed subject to a mortgage of one thousand dollars to Marcus M. Parker to be recorded herewith."

Said premises will be sold subject to said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinabove described, being the premises described in said mortgage, on

Tuesday, February 16, A. D. 1897, at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in that part of Arlington and Lexington, in the County of Middlesex, being lot numbered 71, and a part of lot No. 70, on a plan of Dexter Hillside, dated April 14, 1896, by C. A. Pearson, and recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, book of plans 90, plan 2. Said premises are bounded as follows:—Northerly by lot 72, ninety (90) feet, easterly by lot 80 and lot 90 (50) feet, westerly by Sylvan street fifty (50) feet—all according to said plan. The premises are subject to a prior mortgage of fifteen hundred (\$1500) dollars made to Moses P. Parker. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

Train leave Boston for Arlington Heights station, which is nearest said premises, at 145 and 245, p. m.

LEONARD A. SAYVILLE, Executor of the will of George E. Muzzey, Lexington, Jan. 20, 1897.

LOST, A white and yellow cat. Any one finding and returning same to Mrs. Miner L. Leavitt, Devreux st., opp. Pleasant, Arlington, will be suitably rewarded.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Pursuant to and in execution of the power contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alfred F. Bent and Bertha M. Bent, wife of said Alfred F., in her own right, to Nathan D. Canterbury, dated Dec. 4th, 1896, and recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, book of plans 90, plan 2, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinabove described, for breach of condition of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinabove described, being the premises described in said mortgage, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1897,

at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, viz:

"A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Lexington aforesaid and described as follows:—Being the lot numbered eighteen (18) on the plan of streets and house lots, Monument and School streets, Lexington, Mass., belonging to Alfred A. Stimson, 1896, Fred R. Page, C. E., and recorded with Middlesex (South District) Deeds, book of plans 83, plan 21, and is bounded by lot numbered sixteen (16) on the north, by lot numbered nineteen and 9-10 feet, easterly by lot numbered twenty on said plan sixty-five and 5-10 feet, northerly by lot numbered one and twenty-three feet, westerly by lot numbered twenty-one and 70 feet, southwesterly by Sylvan street fifty (50) feet—all according to said plan. The premises are subject to a prior mortgage of fifteen hundred (\$1500) dollars made to Moses P. Parker. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

Said premises will be sold subject to all taxes and accrued interest; also subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments if any. Terms at sale.

GEORGE H. REED, Present holder of said mortgage.

Boston, Jan. 5, 1897.

Carter building.

Jan. 20.

LOST, A black cat. Any one returning same to Mr. C. S. Rose, Mass. avenue, opposite Unitarian church, will be suitably rewarded.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Henry E. Stimson to John A. Stimson, dated July 1, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex (South District) Deeds, book 2480, page 577, which mortgage has been assigned to George H. Reed, for breach of the condition thereof and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinabove described, being the premises described in the premises below.

"Plan of streets and house lots, Monument and School streets, Lexington, Mass., belonging to Alfred A. Stimson, 1896, Fred R. Page, C. E., and recorded with Middlesex (South District) Deeds, book of plans 83, plan 21, and is bounded by lot numbered sixteen (16) on the north, by lot numbered nineteen and 9-10 feet, easterly by lot numbered twenty on said plan sixty-five and 5-10 feet, northerly by lot numbered one and twenty-three feet, westerly by lot numbered twenty-one and 70 feet, southwesterly by Sylvan street fifty (50) feet—all according to said plan. The premises are subject to a prior mortgage of fifteen hundred (\$1500) dollars made to Moses P. Parker. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

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Carter building.



DAVID'S BABY.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

"He's jest a common-sized boy, ma'am."

This was the baffling reply to Mrs. Wilmot's question about the size of Mrs. Brown's boy. Mrs. Wilmot was the minister's wife, and Mrs. Brown one of his outlying parishioners, a mountaineer from one of the steepest and wildest peaks of the Ridge. Her husband had died in the great snow-storm of the past winter, and David, her only boy, was her sole prop and stay. Mrs. Wilmot thought a suit of clothes would not come amiss, even if secondhand.

But what was "a common size" for boys? In Mrs. Wilmot's experience they were of all sorts and sizes. Her mind reverted to Richard, her long boy, and his Aunt Ellen's frequent exclamation: "Richard, my dear, am I a few of your legs?" to Robin, a head shorter, who was now crumpled up in a heap over "Stories of Lion Hunting in South Africa," and John, a round, roly-poly of a boy—and she looked slightly perplexed.

"No'm, he ain't to say big, nor yit small; he's jest a common-sized boy, betwixt and between."

Mrs. Wilmot in despair wailed after the clothes, and saw by the delight in his mother's eyes as soon as she saw them, that they might at least be worn by David.

"I'm mo' than thankful, ma'am." Her voice trembled, and Mrs. Wilmot hastened to ask:

"Haven't you a little girl, too?"

"That's two gals—Lucy, she's goin' on seven, and the baby; the folks calls her 'David's Baby,' he's so good-natured with her. I never seen a boy so 'link up with a baby befo'. She ain't a mite of trouble when he's round;" and her hard-worked thin, worn face looked quite illuminated by her smile of pride and delight.

Robin let his book fall. "Are there any bears on Priest's Mountain?" he asked, suddenly.

"Oh, nonsense!" said his mother; but Mrs. Brown answered seriously:

"Ef it's a mild winter, mebbe you won't see one; but in a long freeze they'll come right low down the mountain. They don't generally attack humans, the damage they does mostly is to young creatures—pigs and such things. I seed one myself, 'twas in the summer too, three or fo' years ago; and I don't want ter see another."

"Tell me about it," said Robin, coming over to the chair next hers.

"Well, 'twas a long hot spell, and I'd gone out to git blackberries. Mos' of 'em was loothe and dry with the drouth; but just above my head on a long ledge of rocks I see a big clump of berries, all hanging with berries, big juicy berries, ez shiny ez silk. I kin see 'em now, ez pretty ez any picture. I put my hand out to pul the nearest branch down, and then I heard a growl—there ain't much more unpleasant noises than a growl or a hiss in the woods. I kin tell ye! Thar stood a big b'ar just on 'tother side o' the blackberries, showin' his teeth in an ugly sort o' grin. I didn't stop to have no words 'bout the berries—in fact, there was mighty few berries in my basket when I got home, I came so fast. Them was the finest berries on the mountain," she added, regretfully; "big and shiny and sweet-looking, and jest burstin' with juice; and I hadn't fairly tecked 'em when I heard that growl."

"Would he have showed fight if you had stayed?" inquired Robin, eagerly.

Mrs. Brown's eyes twinkled.

"I don't keer to argy a p'int with him," she answered.

"What other wild beasts live near you?" pursued Robin, in a tone of positive envy.

"Why, squirrels and possums and foxes and wildcats—it do sound mighty lonesome to hear 'em cry. I reckon the woods is right full o' prowlin' varmints arter nightfall."

"But you have David to take care of you," said Mrs. Wilmot.

"Yes'm; and he's tolerable strong fur a boy. He kin shoot, too, mos' ez well ez his uncle. He's been takin' David out huntin' with him this spring and summer."

A few weeks after this talk David bustled into the mountain cabin at "sundown" in great excitement.

"Hello, Sissy!"—to Lucy—"there, honey!"—to the baby, who was laughing and gurgling with delight to see him—"Brother will take you in a minute—jest ez soon ez he kin wash his hands."

David Brown was a plain, freckle-faced boy, so tanned that his skin was several shades darker than his flaxen hair and pale eyes; but the sweetness and good humor of his homely face made it a pleasant sight to more than "David's baby." Everybody on the mountain liked David, from the gruff mountaineers themselves down to their curs that snapped and snarled at almost everyone else. As he whistled to the baby, who was now changing her rapturous noises to more imperative demand, Spot, his own "yaller dog," watched his every movement with his keen, blinking eyes, and the black kitten, a recent stray, rubbed itself between his legs with a satisfied purr, and gazed up into his face with its yellowish-green opals.

"You've got some news, David," said his mother, bringing out the meal and a sifter.

"You are the beatin'est one to guess, Mother?" exclaimed David, admiringly. "I've got a job. Mr. Jones wants me to help him to drive his cattle down to the station tomorrow, and he'll give me a man's pay if we have 'em there on time and in good condition. Me and Spot'll do the job fine, won't we, young 'un?" and he held out his hands to take the baby.

"You set a lot o' sto' by that chile, David," observed his mother laughingly.

"Yes'm. I set a lot o' sto' by the baby and Lucy, too;" and he patted the older child's head, as she flushed with delight. It was not David's way to forget any one.

"Mother, 'spose you take the children and go with me ez fur ez Uncle Martin's! I don't like leavin' you all—a passel o' wimmen-folks," he said, laughing at the very small one on his lap—"by yo'selves all day; and mebbe I'll be back late."

"It'd be powerful lonesome here," answered his mother, "that's a fac'. But how could I know when you was back?" she added anxiously.

"Why, I'd lowed on meetin' you at the dividin' fence 'bout dusk, and totin' the baby fur you. An' the moon'd be up early; ef I git back sooner, I'll come up ter the cabin, but I'll be sho' ter be at the fence, by nightfall, anyhow."

Mrs. Brown enjoyed her long, neighborly day, getting a new receipt from sister Martha, and hearing old Mr. Martin say how "pearl" the baby was, and Lucy as rosy as a peach blossom. As for David, she never wearied in talking of him, and it was ready dusk before she was fairly started. The "dividing fence," a boundary line between two large tracts of mountain land, was often used as a tryin' place by others than lovers, and would save David a good many steps.

She had wrapped up the baby well from the night air, and Uncle Martin had many jokes over the huge knot in which she had tied a bandana handkerchief at the back, "jest ez ef you wanted ter tote it by a handle." Poor mother! If she had only known the use that would be made of this; but she did not, and went on her way down the steep path in good spirits, Lucy following close behind.

As they reached the fence in the woods a cloud was over the moon, and it was quite dark; but she could see a dim figure on the other side.

"David, have you been waitin' long?" she called out, and handed the baby over in a hurry, turning as she did so to see what was the matter with Lucy; for the child clung to her skirts in fright and cried out that it wasn't David.

When with some difficulty she had lifted her over the fence, struggling and crying still, and had herself climed over—Mrs. Brown was not as active as she had been—there was no one in sight.

"David!" she cried. She heard a rustling in the bushes: but the moon,

shining out at that instant, showed the place empty. "David!" she cried again, in terror.

Then he appeared just at the bend of the mountain path whistling cheerily and with Spot leaping and barking at his heels. But where was the baby?

For he had called out to her to give him the child as soon as he had caught sight of her, and David was not given to fooling. She could not answer for her sobbing and crying.

Lucy tried to tell him the strange story. When she said, "A big, black, shaggy man," he threw himself on the ground, examining every mark. Spot smelt too, and his yellow hair began to bristle with rage, and he growled fiercely, for there were surely the recent footprints of some large animal.

"Mother, run back and rouse the neighbors. Tell 'em to bring their rifles," and, breaking off a stout stick, David dashed into the bushes. Spot springing in front and leading the chase.

Once David thought he heard a half-stifled baby's cry and hurried faster. For a "common-sized" boy, he was making good speed; but Madam Bruin was on the home-stretch, and she knew it.

At last he caught a glimpse of a big, clumsy, dark form, trotting briskly along with what seemed like a bundle dangling from its mouth. He was none too soon. The cave in which the little black cubs rolled about, impatient for their supper, was but a hundred yards or so distant. He thought she must be near home by her quickened gait, and he knew, if she ever got the baby inside its black, yawning mouth, there would be no hope of bringing it out alive.

With the energy of despair he darted forward and gave the bear a sharp blow over the nose with his long stick. Spot closed in at the same moment, yelping and snapping at her legs.

The huge beast, enraged but not hurt by this simultaneous attack, dropped the baby, and reared up on her hind legs, looking in the mingled moonlight and shadow so like a human figure that David did not wonder afterward at his mother's mistake. She showed her sharp, white teeth with a fierce snarl, and stretched out her forepaws for a grapple. She was near her own babies now, and she meant fight.

David looked at the precious bundle. It lay just under the creature's terrible claws, and to attempt to pick it up would have placed him utterly at the bear's mercy, unless her attention could be diverted.

"At her, Spot! at her, good dog!" he shouted; and again he rained a shower of blows on her eyes and nose so quick and fierce that, blinded and confused for the instant, she backed a step or two, growling horribly.

Spot inflicted a sharp bite on her hind quarter, and she turned her head. It was his only chance. Quick as a flash he seized the baby and fled, leaving poor Spot to receive a terrific blow from the brute's paws, at which he too, broke and ran, the blood streaming from his wound, and howling at every jump.

Halfway down the mountain they met the Martins with dogs and torches. The bear, after a fierce fight was brought to bay and killed, and the dogs taken captive.

Old Martin untied with rough but trembling fingers the knot he had laughed at—the knot which had saved the baby's soft limbs from the bear's teeth. David hardly dared to be certain that he had heard a cry in his headlong flight; but when they had unwrapped fold after fold and unfastened the veil, there lay the baby—"David's baby" now, without doubt or question—as rosy and fresh as a flower-bud, its big blue eyes full of wonder and fright, but ready to smile at the first sight of David.

David was more his mother's hero than ever. She never told the story without adding:

"And he was jest a common-sized boy when he done it!"—New York Independent.

In the Nearly 100 Years Age.

As long ago as 1824 the fountain pens were in use, for in that year Thomas Jefferson saw a contrivance of this sort, tried it, and wrote to General Bernard Peyton, of Richmond, asking him to get one of them. The pen was of gold and the ink tube of silver, and according to Jefferson's letter, the maker was a Richmond watch repairer, named Cowan. The price, he understood, was fivepence.

The first American patent for a fountain pen was granted in 1830 to one Douglass Hyde, but the earliest English patent was issued twenty-one years before.—Boston Transcript.

TIGERS SWIM WELL.

When Floods Come They Lose Their Instinct to Slaughter.

A Man-Eater Shares a Raft With an East Indian Family.

In times of high flood in the East Indian rivers, when the low country bordering them is inundated, often with much loss of brute and human life, the tiger seems to share in the fear that pervades the jungle beasts, and to lose temporarily his ferocious instinct of slaughter. Gathered upon eminences that rise like islands above the spreading waters may be seen the wolf, the leopard, and the tiger, standing peacefully in company with the deer and cattle, and the smaller animals that are their natural prey, all the ordinary instincts of the beasts being held in abeyance by the common terror all feel at the invasion of their haunts by the flood.

Once David thought he heard a half-stifled baby's cry and hurried faster. From his facility in swimming and his ability to crowd his way among other refugees to a place of safety, the tiger is apt to fare better than most animals, not distinctly aquatic at such times. Then when better cannot be found he will seek any available place of refuge, as an uprooted tree, the top of a wall, or the roof of a house that has withstood the rush of the waters. Not unfrequently he has tried to install himself on the raft or boat with which some of the natives were trying to get to the dry land.

Such an instance occurred in the Ganges Valley, near a village called Charpoor. A native carpenter residing in the suburb was awakened in the early morning by the water pouring into the house over the doorsill, and looking out he saw that what had been the night before a fertile, open plain was a lake of muddy water. He had no materials at hand, and his carpenter's skill served him in good stead in quickly making a raft on which he embarked with his family and their scanty outfit of household utensils. As with a long bamboo he paddled or poled his slow way along in the endeavor to reach the safe haven of the hills beyond the valley, he spied the head of a huge tiger that was swimming in the same direction. The tiger seemed wearied, as if he had swam a long way, and presently, to the consternation of the carpenter, he turned and headed for the raft. The craft had all the passengers on board that it could well accommodate, but as the tiger swam faster than the man could paddle there was nothing to do but let things take their course. On reaching the raft the tiger put his fore paws on the edge, sinking it to the water's surface, and sprang on board, crowding the wife and children from their places and nearly knocking some of them overboard.

The tiger seemed thoroughly cowed and exhausted, and lay down quietly where he first struck, crowded amid the people on the raft. Here he remained without moving while the carpenter slowly worked the raft along toward the hills, the trip occupying several hours. When within two or three hundred yards of the shore the tiger lifted his head and began to show signs of restlessness, then rose to his feet; but all this time he paid no attention to any of the people on the raft. Presently he bounded forward into the water with a mighty leap, the recoil of which nearly parted the raft in the middle, swam swiftly to the shore and disappeared in the forest.

When afterward the carpenter related his experience, and described the tiger, the brute was identified by certain scars on the head and body as a notorious man-eating and cattle-killing tiger that for years had ravaged a district fifty miles above Charpoor. After the flood had subsided a week later he made his presence known in his old haunts.

On Christmas Island.

A traveler from Boston has lately come back from Christmas Island with some interesting stories of what he found there. He seems to have found almost everything except a good and sufficient reason why the island should have the name it bears.

The traveler sailed away from Jaya eastward and northward, and in three days the island hove in sight. It is seldom visited and seems to have no population of its own—indeed it is a coral formation, literally crowded out of the sea. Successive and very slow secretions of soil have formed and in this is rooted vegetation of considerable extent and variety.

The island presents to the mariner the aspect of a saddle, two hills forming

the pommels. Though the hills are of considerable size they are covered with a coral formation to their very summits, the peak of one of them being an immense coral limestone.

No stream of standing water was found on the island, as the soil, if it may be called a soil, is so porous that the rain is absorbed immediately. Yet the vegetation was green and under the fallen logs the earth was found to be sodden with moisture. The traveler spent ten days on the island, and during two of them rain fell heavily. He found trees one hundred and fifty feet high, of which a large proportion bore edible fruit. This latter was the food of great numbers of birds, whose flesh was found to be exquisite. The place also swarmed with rats and bats. The most numerous of the birds were the large fruit eating pigeons and a species of brown dove. Neither of these knew fear of man, and they were shot by the dozen.

The fact that at an elevation of 1,200 feet above the sea coral limestone was found, and the formation of the hills, caused as they were with coral from base to summit, led the traveler to observe that Christmas Island was unique and a most remarkable example of coral formation. It appeared that from the time the island came within the reef building zone it had been steadily subject to a movement of upheaval, varied by pauses during which the cliffs were eroded by the sea. There is no other such example known.—New York Herald.

Cuteness of the Coyote.

No cuter animal is found in the West than the coyote. The coyote is to the plainsman what a fox is to an Eastern farmer, only the coyote is more in evidence. Forest and Stream tells about a dog that had its principal sport chasing and otherwise worrying coyotes, and was led into ambush by one coyote and then set upon by several other of the prairie wolves and almost done to death.

"About 9 o'clock one night," the paper says, "one of the coyotes came to the kitchen door and howled aggravatingly at the dog, which, thereupon, set after the coyote full tilt." The coyote fled around the house, down to the coral and around the blacksmith shanty, the dog yelping after. Behind the shanty were other coyotes, six or seven of them, and all of them made for the dog in a way that made it feel lonely. The ranchman heard the fight and the dog's howls of pain; and grasping a rifle started that way on the run, yelling as he went. The coyotes, each took a farewell nip and fled, leaving a sore dog behind. Since then the dog has not been so much interested as on former occasions in coyotes. It follows single coyotes vigorously, but the appearance of another sends it back as fast as it can run.

The coyote likes badger flesh very much, but one coyote is not equal to a badger in a fight; consequently the coyote, when it meets a badger has to resort to strategem till aid arrives. The manner in which it does this, according to the sportsman's paper is interesting.

"A few weeks ago," the writer says, "as I was riding along, I saw a coyote and a badger. The coyote seemed to be playing with the badger. He would prance around it, first as if to bite it, then run off a little way, the badger following, evidently very angry. When the badger saw me it ran into its hole, while the coyote went off forty or fifty yards and lay down evidently knowing I had no gun with me. The coyote's device was evidently to tease, and so kept the badger interested till another coyote happened along, when the badger would have been killed."

Curious Stamp Collection.

Mrs. George Wilson of Birmingham, N. Y., has a unique curio in the shape of a bedroom set—bedstead, dresser, wash stand and chairs, decorated with postage stamps of every known civilized country on the globe, says the Chicago Chronicle. Mrs. Wilson has been collecting stamps for the past seven years, and the number has reached over half a million, \$62,000 being the number. The value of these stamps has been estimated at \$3,800.

All of these stamps have been carefully washed, dried and pasted on after the style of a crazy patchwork quilt, and represent large patience and a great amount of labor. There are seven pieces of furniture in all, decorated. This curio is valuable, an offer of \$200 from Cornell University having been refused by the owner. It is, perhaps, the most novel collection of foreign and domestic stamps in the United States. The stamps are stuck on with glue and are covered with a heavy spar varnish and can be washed without injury to the stamps.

COLORED SOLDIERS.

There Are 2,400 of Them in the United States Army.

Uncle Sam Has One Fort Manned Entirely by Them.

That there is an army of about 25,000 men in the United States and that a private soldier receives \$13 per month is about all the information the average citizen possesses on the subject. Why any sane man of average strength of mind and body should voluntarily deprive himself of the privilege of quitting his job at a moment's notice is another mystery. The greater number of military posts are located in the far west, each location being selected as a central point for troops in case of Indian outbreaks. Thus to the present generation, a private soldier in uniform, is almost a curiosity, and a colored cavalryman is as great a curio as an Indian in war paint. There are 2,400 colored troops in the United States in the regular army. Of this number six troops are located in northwestern Nebraska, at Fort Robinson. Here is found the colored cavalryman in all his element. As each troop has sixty men, the 360 cavalrymen located here at Fort Robinson makes it the largest cavalry post in the United States. Not a white man is to be seen, except the commanding officers. Here is a practical demonstration of how a colored man can be trained and disciplined into doing work with the same energy and promptness as a white soldier, and, when it comes to the test, showing the same bravery and endurance. This was shown by the 90-mile ride of the famous Seventh during the Indian war at Pine Ridge agency in 1890, when they came to the rescue of a company of white soldiers who were surrounded and in danger of being cut off by the Indians. These colored cavalrymen can not only do the work when it comes to the trial, but have a happy faculty of keeping in good humor, always laughing and chattering and as happy as children. That the life of a colored trooper is satisfactory is evidenced by the fact that fully one-half re-enlist after their first three years' enlistment expires.</p

THE FUR TRAPPER.

He Is Fast Disappearing From the United States.

Fur-Bearing Animals Are Fleeing Into Far Northern Wilds.

Among the changes that an advancing civilization and a senseless denudation of forest land are creating throughout the length and breadth of a great continent none are more conspicuous than those pertaining to the fauna of this country.

The solitudes of the great primeval forests that formerly abounded in wild game, beautiful birds and fowls of the air, and valuable fur-bearing animals are now nearly as deserted as the great western plains where the buffalo long since left nothing but traces of his existence behind. Trappers find it more difficult to obtain their furs each season, and along with the sportsmen they retreat further into the cold regions north of us, penetrating into the wilds of British America, where life in winter is scarcely endurable.

The fur trapper has had his day in the United States, and as a product of past conditions he is disappearing as surely as the game which he has hunted. In the great northern belt of states bordering upon the Canadian line he is found in dwindling numbers, vainly striving to make a living in his precarious calling, and bemoaning the times when it was an easy matter to find enough animals in his traps each day to keep him supplied with money. It is now the work of a week to gather the skins that formerly came to his traps in a day.

The popularity of furs has not declined. In fact, they are more in demand than ever, and fashion decrees that they shall be worn every winter on garments for men and for women. Most of them command higher price than ever in the history of civilization, but the trapper does not profit so much by this change as might be supposed. The fur-bearing animals are disappearing faster than the prices for furs advance. Other unsettled regions of the globe are being explored to help supply the market of the world with skins, and science is doing everything in its power to utilize the common skins of the domesticated animals. The fur of the cat, dog, sheep, lamb and other animals of our barnyard and household has already become valuable commercially, and through the dyer's art and the currier's skill the wearers of cheap furs are totally deceived.

It is not an easy matter to ascertain the relative value of the important furs, but those taken from the forests and woods of this country are much higher than in former days. The silver fox that abounded so plentifully in our northern woods is now a comparatively rare animal, and from \$100 to \$200 is paid for first-class specimens. The darker the fur of the silver fox the more valuable it is, and consequently the further north the trappers go the better luck they have. Those over the Canadian border trap more and better silver foxes than can be found anywhere in the United States, although northern Maine and the Michigan peninsula have yielded some excellent silver foxes. Owing to the great demand for this fur the animals have been trapped and hunted so persistently that they are very scarce, and the few remaining ones are more timid and harder to catch than the common red fox.

The trapper sees his industry shrinking year by year, and without any possible improvement in the future he realizes that the doom of his class has been sounded. Another generation and he will be gone along with the Indian fighter, the prairie scout, and the buffalo hunter.—Philadelphia Times.

Six Years to Make a Saddle.

When Lord Wolseley was instructed to go to Khartoum he made out a formal requisition for a camel saddle of peculiar construction. After waiting for forty-eight hours he inquired if the saddle was ready, and received the discouraging information that his request had not yet been passed upon by the Inspector-General at Stores. As time was precious, Wolseley sent for a private, unofficial saddler, set him at work, and by next morning the desired article was delivered. Meanwhile the requisition made its slow way through mazes of red tape from one official to another till it reached the government shops. Then it and the saddle meandered no more rapidly back along the same route, and finally, just six years from the time when Wolseley had been in such a hurry, the saddle and a big bundle of correspondence reached him.

Capabilities of Carrier Pigeons.

Two interesting questions present themselves concerning the length of time during which the pigeon can recollect the place of his home and the distance from which he is able to find his way back to it. Some birds have found their way home after five years' absence; and it is generally considered that good birds can be depended upon for six months. Pigeons have returned from Rome to Brussels, and others sold to be carried away to America, have made their way back to their original owner in Belgium.

When pigeons were to be sent back and forth, it has been usual to keep two sets, with their respective homes at either end of the course; and when they have reached their home, to carry them back to the places from which they are to be dispatched. An ingenious process has been devised to overcome this difficulty and cause the birds to fly with equal certainty in both directions. Pigeons, for example, whose home is in Paris are confined for several days at St. Denis, and fed there at a stated hour every day with some favorite food which is not given them at their real home. They become in the course of time familiar with their new home and its choice dishes. When set at liberty, they start off at once for Paris, without forgetting the good things they enjoyed at St. Denis. When they are to be sent back, they are made to fast a little while, and are then let loose at about feeding time at St. Denis. They go thither, and when they have their own way, time their going so as to be there at the exact moment of feeding. Birds have thus been taught to fly back and forth regularly between places thirty miles apart.—Popular Science Monthly.

Why We Probe the Earth.

Geologists are anxious to have borings made with the diamond drill, which will show the actual conditions of the rocks at the utmost depth which can be attained. Such an exploration, carried on with the modern skill in labor of this kind, would prob'ly give us test-tubes having a depth of 10,000 feet, or say thrice the depth of the deepest of our mines. From these probings we might be able to find facts which would tell us the actual rate at which the beat of the earth increases as we go from the surface toward the centre.

The information which is obtained from mines leads to the conclusion that this increase is at the rate of not far from one degree Fahrenheit for each hundred feet of descent; yet this evidence is so irregular and perplexing that no safe conclusions can be founded on it.

It is in the highest degree desirable that we should increase our knowledge as to the conditions of the earth's interior for the reason that it is in that realm that the earthquakes and the volcanoes have their origin. These convulsive phenomena are a perpetual menace to the interests of mankind, more than half the habitable fields of the earth being in continual danger from them.—Youth's Companion.

Feeding Incubator Reared Babies.

Each baby is fed every two hours, and the number of squeals which I heard during the half-day that I spent with Dr. Lion and his rosy children showed me that babies, like bigger mortals, have an unerring idea of dinner hours. The clever nurses had evidently hit upon the excellent plan of feeding the children at different times, in order that they might wake up in rotation. It would have upset the whole system if they had all squealed at once. Just as soon as they were fed, they were carried back to the incubators, with the inevitable blankets over their heads, and placed comfortably on the soft bedding, where they quickly sank to rest.

The use of the blanket is one evidence of the extreme care which Dr. Lion gives to his little charges. The temperature of the incubator is naturally higher than the temperature of the outside room, and, in the case of the premature babies, is maintained at a degree approximate to the temperature of the baby at the end of six, seven or eight months, as the case may be. The temperature of the "nining-room" is about 25 degrees Centigrade, or as near as possible to the temperature of the incubator as the nurse can stand.—Strand Magazine.

Modern Improvements.

Real Estate Agent (out West)—This is the house I told you about.

Eastern Man (anxious to grow up with the country)—Rather a pretty place. Contains all the modern improvements, does it?

Agent—Yes, sirs. Which will you look at first, the cyclone cage or the earthquake cellar?—New York Weekly.

Children's Columb



THE DAY.

The jay is a jovial bird—Heigh-ho!
He chatters all day
In a frolicsome way
With the murmuring breezes that blow,—
Heigh-ho!

Hear him noisy call
From the red-wood tree-tall
To his mate in the opposite tree, Heigh-ho!
Saying: "How do you do?"

As his topknot of blue
Is raised as polite as can be, Heigh-ho!

Oh, impudent jay,
With your plumage so gay,
And your manners so jaunty and free,—
Heigh-ho!

How little you guessed,
When you robbed the wren's nest,
That any stray fellow would see! Heigh-ho!

Charles A. Keeler in St. Nicholas.

PURSUED BY AN ELEPHANT.

Selous, the African elephant hunter, had a marvelous escape. He was chased by an infuriated elephant, thrown from his horse, which ran away, leaving him upon the ground. Before he could rise the elephant was upon him, and, falling upon its knees, sent one of his sharp tusks through his thigh into the ground, for a moment, pinning him there.

Selous, while suffering terrible agony, did not lose his presence of mind, but pretended to be dead, well knowing that this was his only hope. The elephant watched him closely for a moment, then, thoroughly deceived, pulled its tusk out and ran into the woods, receiving as it went its quietus in the shape of a bullet, which the hunter's companions had not dared to fire before, fearing the animal would fall on him.—Chicago Record.

YOUNG PHARAOHS' PLAYTHINGS.

The children of the old Pharaohs of Egypt had their fun as well as the boys and girls of today. We know that they played marbles and other games, and recently the explorers in the ancient tombs of the Egyptian rulers have found other playthings. Among them is a complete company of wooden soldiers fifteen inches in height. They are dressed in the uniforms of the body guard of the ancient Pharaohs, and armed with lances. Probably the soldiers in the army that pursued Moses into the Red sea and were drowned when the walls of water closed behind the Israelites were dressed in just such a way. No doubt many young princes and princesses played with this company of wooden soldiers, marching it up and down, and back and forth, and planning what great battles they would fight when they grew to be kings and queens.

And perhaps the young prince who enjoyed the soldiers most of all may have been buried with him, to be found thousands of years later.—Chicago Record.

THE HARE AND THE RABBIT.

The hare and the rabbit so much resemble each other in their outward appearance that they are often confounded together even by close observers; they differ, however, very widely in their individual characteristics. The hare is a timid, lonely creature, and will sit for hours without moving crouched in what is termed its "form." The rabbit, on the contrary, is lively and frolicsome, delighting to pop out of its burrow into daylight, bask for a few moments in the clear sunshine, and then, as if in very joy, throw its heels into the air and suddenly sink into the ground and out of sight.

The hare, when pursued, trusts to his speed for safety; the rabbit rushes into his burrow as the only secure place of refuge. The nest of the hare is of the rudest construction. A few sticks and dried leaves spread upon the cold ground being all that is deemed necessary. The rabbit burrows in the earth, its nest is lined with the softest substance, the mother plucking the longest and finest materials from her own body to give its sides the proper protection and warmth. The young of the hare at their birth are covered with fur, and are capable of running with swiftness, have their ears erect and their eyes perfect. The young of the rabbit are naked, their eyes are shut, their ear caps closed, their bodies feeble, and for some

time they are entirely dependent on their parent for support.

The rabbit shows no particular intelligence, and in its wild state, if it misses its burrow, it is easily killed. No animal, the dog excepted, is more altered by domestication, than the rabbit, and from its attractive appearance it has become deservedly a favorite. Harmless as rabbits are to their captors, they are extremely quarrelsome among themselves, and apparently subject to gusts of uncontrollable passion. Their most effective way of doing injury is to spring up and strike their opponent with their hind feet, and this is done with such effect that not only the "fur flies" but injuries are sometimes inflicted of quite a serious nature.

The existence of the hare is a perpetual series of anxieties and worries—machinations and stratagems. Its eyes, which are so placed that it can see, without moving its head, what is going on in its rear as well as front, are never entirely closed even in sleep, while its speed of foot, considering its size, surpasses that of all other animals. Its intelligent efforts to escape its enemies are worthy of all praise, while its habits in this respect vary with every disposition of soil and climate. The least accident in the surface of the earth, a fresh dug pit, a landslide, a tree felled by an ax or the storm, are all observed by the hare, and suggest new means of concealment. It clears its accustomed road to its lair of every rough blade of grass that would tear off its fur and thus betray its haunts, often making this excess of caution its ruin, for the schoolboy and the poacher spread their treacherous snares in the habitual passage, and the fox and weasel watch it to secure their prey.—Detroit Free Press.

HOW A BARREL SAVED HIS LIFE.

A boy, six years of age, came to Boston from Armenia a few days ago, says the Boston Herald. His brother, a robust, rosy-cheeked fellow of twelve years; his father and a cousin twenty-five years old, came with him, but their experience was quite unlike that of their little companion, Dieran Dichtchekian.

The father was certain that he and his boys would be murdered if they remained in Armenia another week; so he made a careful survey of his surroundings and hit on a plan of escape. It is a well-known fact that many Armenian refugees have allowed themselves to be packed like so much beef in barrels, and then rolled over the hard, hilly roads to the shore, where they were transported out to the ships in the bay by small boats. In almost every case the poor fellows have died of suffocation. The father of young Dieran was a practical man, however. He provided breathing places in the barrel for his boy, before he was packed in and the barrel headed up and labeled for shipment.

The father had a small amount of money left for the crisis. He bribed the Turkish officials, and they allowed him and his elder son and nephew to go aboard a ship in the bay that was bound for England. They were, of course, permitted to carry their barrel of old clothes with them, for such were the contents of the barrel, so far as the Turks knew.

After all were safely aboard the good ship and she was far out on the ocean on her voyage to this land of freedom, the head was knocked out of the barrel and the little Jack in the box was tenderly lifted out. He was almost crippled by his close confinement, but after a good rubbing and the proper exercise, little Dieran was all right, and just as playfull as he ever was in his life.

After the little party arrived in Boston the father soon got work, but his pay is but \$6 a week. Little Dieran proved so bright that he speedily won recognition, and he has been taken to the home of Mrs. C. M. Cleveland, in Newton, where an almost complete change has been made in his makeup. He has pretty clothing and attends the public schools. Already he speaks good English, and being fluent in French, he is quite a little lion, socially, in that city of culture and refinement.

One of the remarkable things surrounding this boy's individuality is the liberal translation of his Turkish name, which is Dichtchekian. The "Dicht" means "tooth," the "Cheken" means "puller," and the "ian" means "son of." Thus the vocation of his ancestry is explicitly told by the translation of the name. He is the son of a tooth puller.

"The Old Yellow Almanac."

When Ella Wheeler Wilcox wrote the poem, having for title the same heading as this article, she touched a chord that vibrated in thousands of hearts. For Ayer's Almanac, "The Old Yellow Almanac" of the poem, is intimately associated with the days and deeds of a large part of the world's population. How large a part of the population this general statement may include can be gathered from the fact that the yearly issue of Ayer's Almanac is from 17,000,000 to 25,000,000 copies. It is printed in twenty-eight editions and in some eighteen languages, including besides English, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, German, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Bohemian, Welch, Italian, French, etc. The old style almanac is looked upon by many as a relic of antiquity, especially the "patent medicine almanac," whose jokes are the butt often of the very papers in whose columns they first appeared. But there are almanacs and almanacs. Ever since Dr. Ayer's Almanac has been put out it has employed as high a class of mathematical and astronomical talent as is available in the country. The result is that it stands on par, in respect of the reliability of its data and the accuracy of its calculations with the U. S. Naval Almanac, and testimony to this fact is found year after year in the letters referred to the almanac department of the company, from students and mathematicians in various parts of the world. In its permanence and reliability Ayer's Almanac stands as a very fitting type of the Ayer Remedies—indispensable in the family and reliable every day in the year. The 1897 edition of this useful almanac is now in course of distribution through the druggists of the country.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured.

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, Catarrh is blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is a slow but sure remedy known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, the best.

WHEN billions or centives, eat a Cascarett, candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10c., 25c.

Florida.

The West Coast of Florida, the finest semi-tropical country in the world. Illustrated descriptive book sent upon receipt four cents postage. J. J. Farnsworth, Eastern Pass. Agent, Plant System, 261 Broadway, N. Y.

There are 347,385 families in Massachusetts.

JUST TRY A 10c. box of Cascarett, easily cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children, softening the glands, reduces inflammation, relieves pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

I USE Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice. Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

CASCARETT stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or grieve; 10c.

If afflicted with eye diseases see Dr. Isaac Thompson Eye-writer. Druggists sell 25c. per bottle.

Threads of shredded steel are used in Germany as substitute for sandpaper. It is said to work more quickly and uniformly than sandpaper, and does not clog.

BUKER'S KIDNEY PILLS.

These pills cure Bright's Disease. Dr. Boker will give advice by letter free.

Pills 50c. from druggists or sent post-free for price.

Boker Pill Co., Bangor, Me.

FREE

You're running a terrible risk if you don't heed some of the warnings nature gives. Loss of memory, headache, backache, sour stomach, and frequent desire to urinate show the kidneys need watching.

These pills cure

BUKER'S KIDNEY PILLS.

FREE

